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THE ANT, AND THE Nightingale: OR FATHER *Hubbards* Tales.

LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Tho: Bushell, and are to be solde by *Ieffrey Charlton*, at his Shop at the North doore of Paules, 1604.

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TO THE TRVE

Generall Patron of all *Muses*, *Musitians*, *Poets*, & *Picture Drawers*, Syr *Christopher Clutch-Fist*, Knighted at a very hard Penny-worth; neither for eating *Musk-millions*, *Hartichoaks*, or *Conners*; but for a costlier Exployt, and a Hundred pound Feate of Armes; *Oliuer Hubberd*, brother to *the Nine-waiting-Gentlewomen*, *the Muses*, *wisheth the decrease of his Lands*, & *the Encrease of his Legges*, *that his Calues may hang downe like Ormesynes.*

MOst Couerdouble-fee, Syr-Pinching Patron, and the *Muses* bad Pay-maister; Thou that owest for all the Pamphlets, Histories, and Translations, that euer hath bin Dedicated to thee, since thou wast one and twentie, & could'st make Water vpō thine owne Lands; but Beware, Sir, you cannot carry it away so, I can tell you, for all your Copper-guilt Spurres, and your Brood of Feathers; for there are certaine Lyne-Sharkers, that haue coursst the Countries to seeke you out alreadie, and they nothing doubt but to find you here this *Candelmas* Tearme, which (if it should fall out so, (as I hope your Worship is wiser then to venture vp so soone to the Chambers of *London*) they haue plotted together, with the best Common-Play-Plotter in England, to arrest you

you at the *Muses* sure (though they shoote short of them) and to set one of the Seriants of Poetry, or rather the Poultry, to clawe you by the Back, who with one clap on your shoulder, will breake all the Taffaty to pieces; now what the matter is betweene you, you knowe best your selfe, Syr; onely I heare, that they rayle against you in Booke-sellers Shoppes very dreadfully, that you haue vsde them most vn-knightly, in offering to take their Bookes, and would neuer returne so much as would pay for the Couers, beside the Gilding too; which stands them in somewhat you know; and a yard & a quarter of broad fiue-peny Riband, the price of that, you are not ignorant of your self, because you weare broad shoo-string; and they cannot be perswaded but that you pull the strings off from their Bookes, and so maintaine your shooes all the yeare long; and think verily if the Booke be in Folio, that you take off the Parchment & giue it to your Taylor; but saue all the Gilding together, which may amount in time to gild you a paire of Spurs withall; such are the miserable conceits they gather of you, because you neuer giue the poore *Muse*-suckers a peny: wherefore if I might counsell you, Sir, the next time they came with their gilded Dedicatiõs, you should take the Bookes, make your men breake their Pates, then giue them ten Groats a piece, and so driue them away.

Your Worshipps, if you imbrace my Counsel,

Oliuer Hubburd.

To the Reader.

SHall I tell you what Reader (but first I should call you gentle, curteous, and wise, but 'tis no matter, they're but foolish words of course, and better left out then Printed; for if you be so, you need not be cald so, and if you be not so, there were Lawe against me for calling you out of your names) by Iohn of *Pawles Church-yard* I sweare, and that oath will be taken at any Haberdashers, I neuer wisht this Booke better fortune, then to fal into the hands of a true spelling Printer, and an honest-stitching Booke-seller, and if honestie could be solde by the Bushell like Oysters, I had rather haue one *Bushell* of honestie, then three of money.

Why I call these *Father Hubburds Tales*, is not to haue them cald in againe, as the Tale of *Mother Hubburd*, the worlde would shewe litle iudgement in that yfaith, and I should say thē *plena stultorum Omnia*; for I entreat here neither of Rugged

ged Beates, or Apes, no, [illegible]
table downeficall of the olde [illegible]
ters, I deale with no such [illegible]
is mirth in mee, is as harmelesse as the
quarter Iacks in Powls, that [illegible]
their Elbowes foure times an houre, and
yet misuse no creature liuing; the verie
bitterest in me, is but like a Phisicall Rose,
that nips the wicked Blood a little, and
so makes the whole Bodie the wholer
somer, and none can iustly except at me,
but some riotous vnthrifting Kit, or some
Gentleman-fore-allowing Mol-kin, then
to condemne these Tales following,
because Fryer Hubbard vses them in the
final Syse of an houre, is alike as much, as if
these twelue words, Cock and Diuel, were
Printed both in one line, to skip it ouer,
and say that line were naught, because
the Diuel stands in it, Ne sapienti, And I
hope there be many wise men in all the
Twelue Companies.

Tale of Mother Bombie.

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

THe weſt-Seas Goddeſſe in a crimſon Robe,
Her Temples circled with a currall wreathe,
Waighted her Loue, the lightner of Earths Globe,
The wanton winde did on her boſome breathe;
The Nimphs of Springs did hollowed water power,
What ere was cold, helpt to make coole her Bower.

And now the fiery Horſes of the Sun
Were from their golden-flaming Car vntrac'de,
And all the Glorie of the day was done,
Saue here and there ſome Light moone-clouds in chac'de,
A partie-coloured-Canopie did ſpread
Ouer the Sun and *Thetis* amorous bed.

Now had the Shepheards folded in their Flocks
The ſweating Teemes vncoupled from their yokes;
The wolfe ſought pray, and the ſlie-murdring Foxe
Attempts to ſteale; feareleſſe of rurall ſtrookes
All beaſts tooke reſt that liued by labouring Toile,
Onely ſuch rang'de as had delight in ſpoile,

Now in the Pathleſſe region of the Ayre,
The winged paſſengers had left to ſoare:
Except the Bat and Owle who bode ſad care,
And *Philomel* that nightly doth deplore
In ſoule-contenting tunes her change of ſhape,
Wrought firſt by perfidy and luſtfull Rape.

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

This poore Muſitian ſitting all alone
On a greene Hawthorne, from the thunder bleſt
Carolls in varied notes her antique mone,
Keeping a ſharpned Brier againſt her breſt:
Her innocence this watchfull payne doth take,
To ſhunne the Adder and the ſpeckled Snake.

Theſe two like her old foe the Lord of *Thrace*,
Regardleſſe of her dulcet changing ſong,
To ſerue their owne luſt haue her life in chace:
Vertue by vice is offred endleſſe wrong.
Beaſts are not all to blame, for now and then
We ſee the like attempted amongſt men.

Vnder the tree whereon the poore Bird ſate,
There was a Bed of buſie-toyling Ants,
That in their Sommer, winters comfort gat,
Teaching poore men how to ſhun after wants:
Whoſe Rules if ſluggards could be learnt to keepe,
They ſhould not ſtarue awake, lye cold a ſleepe.

One of theſe buſy Brethren hauing donne
His dayes true Labour got vpon the tree:
And with his lide nimble Legs did runne,
Pleaſde with the hearing, he deſirde to ſee
What wondrous Creature Nature had compoſde,
In whome ſuch Gratious Muſick was encloſde.

He

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

He got too neare: for the mistrustfull bird
Geſt him to be a ſpye from her knowne foe:
Suſpition argues not to heare a word;
What wiſeman feares not that's inur'd to woe?
Then blame not her, ſhe caught him in her beake,
About to kill him ere the wretche could ſpeake.

But yet her mercy was aboue her heate
She did not as a many ſilken men
Cald by much wealth, ſinal wit, to Iudgements ſeate,
Condemne at random; but ſhe pitty'd then
When ſhe might ſpoyle, ſhould great ones would do ſo
Who often kill, before the Cauſe they know.

O if they would as did this little Fowle,
Looke on their leſſer Captiues with euen Ruth:
They ſhould not heare ſo many ſentencde Howle,
Complayning Iuſtice is not friend to truth:
But they would thinke vpon this Antient Theame,
Each Right extreame, is Iniury extreame.

Paſſe them to mend, for none can them amend,
But heauens Leiftenant, and earths Iuſtice King,
Sternie will, hath will; no great one wants a friend,
Some are ordayn'de to ſorrow, ſome to ſing;
And with their ſentence let thy Griefes all cloſe
Who ere are wrong'd, are happier then their foes.

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

So much for ſuch, now to the little Ant
In the Birds beake and at the point to die:
Alas for woe, friends in diſtreſſe are ſcant,
None of his Fellowes to his Helpe did hie:
They keepe them ſafe, they heare and are afraid;
Tis vaine to truſt in the Baſe numbers aide:

Onely himſelfe vnto himſelfe is friend,
With a faint voice his Foe he thus beſpake:
Why ſeekes your gentleneſs a poore wormes end?
O ere you kill, heare the excuſe I make;
I come to wonder, not to worke offence:
There is no Glorie to ſpoile Innocence!

Perchance you take me for a ſoothing Spy,
By the ſlie Snake or enuious Adder ſeeded:
Alas I know not how to faine and lye,
Or win a baſe Intelligencers meede,
That now are Chriſtians, ſometime Turkes, then Iewes;
Liuing by leauing Heauen for earthly Nowes!

Truſt me: I am a little Enimet borne to worke,
Oft times a man, as you were once a maide:
Vnder the name of man much ill doth lurke,
Yet of poore men you needs not be afraide:
Meane men are wormes on whom the mightye tread;
Greatnes and ſtrength your Vertue inured.

With that she opend wide her hornie Bill,
The prison where this poore submissant lay:
And seeing the poore Ant lie quiuering still,
Goe wretch, quoth she: I giue thee life and way:
The worthy will not pray on yeelding things,
Pittie's inscoffed to the bloud of Kings!

For I was once, though now a feather'de vaile
Couer my wronged Bodie Queene-like clad
This downe about my neck was earst a Raile
Of Bisse embrodered, he on that we had
Vnthrifts and Fooles and wronged once Complaine,
Rich things were theirs, must here be theirs againe.

I was thou know'st the Daughter to a King,
Had pallaces and pleasures in my time:
Now mine owne songs I am enforc'd to sing,
Poets forget me in their pleasing rime,
Like chaffe they fly tost with each windie breath,
Omitting my hare'st Rape by Tereus death!

But tis no matter: I my selfe can sing
Sufficient straines to wrindle mine owne worth,
They that forget a Queene, sooth with a King,
Flatterie's still barren, yet still bringeth forth,
Their workes are dewes, shed when the day is downe
But suckt vp drie by the next morning's Sunne!

What more of them? they are like *Iris* throne,
Commixt with many Colours in moyſt time:
Such lines portend what's in that circle ſhowne:
Cleere weather followes ſhowers in euery Clime,
Auerring no Prognoſticator lyes
That ſayes, ſome Great ones fall, their Riualls riſe!

Paſſe ſuch for Bubbles, let their bladder-prayſe
Shine and ſinck with them in a moments change:
They thinke to riſe, when they the Riſen rayſe
But regall wiſedome knowes it is not ſtrange
For Curs to fawne, baſe things are euer lowe,
The vulgar Eye feeds onely on the ſhowe.

Elſe would not ſoothing Glaſers oyle the Sonne,
Who, while his Father lude his Acts did hate:
They know all earthly day with man is donne
When he is circled in the Night of Fate,
So the deceaſed they thinke on no more,
But whom they murdr'd late they now adore.

But there's a Manly Lion now can Rore,
Thunder more dreaded then the Lioneſſe:
Of him let ſimple beaſts his ayde implore,
For he conceiues more, then they can expreſſe.
The vertuous Politick, is truly man,
Diuell, the Atheiſt, Polititian.

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

I geſt thee ſuch a one: but tell thy tale,
If thou be ſimple as thou haſt expreſt:
Doe not with Coyned words ſet wit to ſale;
Nor with the Flatting world vſe vayne proteſt.
Sith man thou ſayſt thou wert, I prethee tell
While thou wert man, what miſchiefs thee befell?

Princeſſ! you bid me buried cares reuiue,
Quoth the poore Ant; yet ſith by you I liue:
So let me in my dayly labrings thriue,
As I my ſelfe doe to your ſeruice giue:
I haue bene oft a man, and ſo to be,
Is often to be thrall to miſery.

But if you will haue me my mind diſcloſe,
I muſt entreat you that I may ſet downe
The tales of my black fortunes in ſad proſe:
Rime is vneuen, faſhiond by a Clowne:
I firſt was ſuch a one, I Tild the Ground,
And amongſt Ruralls verſe is ſcarcely found.

Well, tell thy tales: but ſee thy proſe be good:
For if thou *Euphuize* which once was rare,
And of all Engliſh Phraſe the life and blood,
In thoſe times for the faſhion paſt compare,
Ile ſay thou borroweſt, and condemne thy Stile:
As our new fooles, that count all following vile.

Or

Or if in Bitternes thou raile like *Nafo*,
Forgiue me honeſt Soule, that I mainteine thy prayſe
Raylings for in thy workes thou wert not ſkilfull,
Nor didſt affect in ſpeech thy priuate praiſe,
Thou hadſt a ſtrife with that *Trigonius*
Thou hurtſt not them till they had iniurde thee.

Thou waſt indeede too ſlothfull to thy ſelfe,
Hiding thy better talent in thy Spleene:
True ſpirits are not couetous in pelfe,
Youths wit is euer ready quicke and keene:
Thou didſt not liue thy ripened Autumne day,
But wert cut off in thy beſt blooming may.

Elſe hadſt thou left as thou indeede haſt left
Sufficient Teſt, though now in others Cheſts
T'improue the baſenes of that humorous theft
Which ſeemes to flow from ſelfe-conceiuing Breſts:
Thy name they burie, hauing buried thee
Drones gate thy Honnie, thou wert the true Bee.

Peace keepe thy Soule: And now to you Sir Ant,
On with your Proſe, be neither rude nor nife,
In your diſcourſe let no Decorum want:
See that you be ſententious and conciſe,
And as I like the matter, I will ſing
A Canzonet to cloſe vp euery thing.

With

With this, the whole Gueſt of Ants hearing their kinſfolk ſpeak ſtrange, like Conſpirators when Care is over, came with great ſhouts to harmleſs *Philomel*, and made a Ring about her and their reſcued friend, ſeeming in ſtead of a full Audience of Tinkards ſitting in the Penny-Galleries of a Theater, and gaveing upon the players, to pleaſe the Ant began to ſtalke like a Pedo Doctor Shaver, and was not ahraydo to tell Tales out of the villainous ſchools of the Temple, where the Diuell is the Schoolemaiſter, and the Vſurer the Vſher. The Scholliers young-ſtring Lawyers, that paſſe away their Vacuum Terms with Dice in a Dawn, and after the ſecrets of ſo much Land in money, become learned Pleaders of Penny-Counſell, for it is an eaſie Labour to ſtate Queſtions without Land, but a hard thing indeed to ſtate Land without Queſtions; but for feare I interrupt this ſmall Ditty in little ſhort Decimo Sexto, I leaue, and giue the Ant leaue to tell his Tale.

THE ANTS Tale, when he was a *Plough-man.*

I Was sometimes (most chast Lady Nightingale, or rather Madame Philomell the resolight) a brown-melting husband-man; to be man and husband, as to be a gross Gayster of many rich cares: which if he cannot subdue and beare under, he must looke for ever to undergoe as many miseries, as the houres of his yeares contains minutes. Such a man I was, and such a husband, for I was linckt in marriage, my belongings were small, and my wealths lesse; yet charge came on me, ere I knew how to keepe it: yet with all my infirmities, had a Plough and Lands to employ it: Fertill enough if it were manured, and my tillage. I was never held a Truant.

But my destruction and the ruine of all painefull husbandmen about me, began by the prodigall bestowall of my young Landlord, whose father, grandfather, and great Grandfather for many Generations had been Lords of the Towne wherein I dwelt, and many other Townes neere adjoyning: to all which belonged large Commons for the sustenance of the poore, liberty of fishing, helps of Fuel, by hawth,

[illegible] never [illegible], till the old [illegible] of ber-
tue [illegible] and gave Neighbourhood. Death [illegible] our
Landlord [illegible] after his Wife, which is so common, that
every one [illegible] the long though they make small ac-
count of it. When he [illegible], and as soone as he was layd in
his Grave, the Bell might well have tolled for Hospitality
and good house-keeping; for whether they fell sick with him
and dyed, and so were buried, I know not: but I am sure
in our towne they were never seene since: nor that I can
heare of in any other part; especially about us they are im-
possible to be found. When our Landlord being dead, we had
his Heire gentle youngs and large conditions, rather
practising at first his fathers vertues, then the leaving vilo-
nies, but he was so accustomed to vile and untruthful com-
pany about the Court and London, (whither he was sent
by his father father to practise Civilitie and manners) that in
the Country he would scarce keepe till his fathers body was
layde in the cold Earth, but as soone as the lasty funerall
was solemnized, from us he posted, discharging all his old
fathers servants (whose Beards were even frost-bitten with
Age) and was attended onely by a Monkey and a Parrot,
for the one being an Ape of folly, an Imitator of any thing how e-
vere villainous, but verely Epitome of all gentrie: with this
French Page, Gentlemen Serving-man, was our poore
Landlords onely hunting on, and all to save charges in Ser-
vants: for why? it cost in Perukes, & his pate men had neede
of a farre greater expence within halfe then a Quarter; for
the Barber first fay'd to London, and found our great Land-
lyde in his Mowne about the Strand, who told us, that
whereas we had been Tenants at will, and might in his
Masters hayre have heavily turned out, he proffered us a
better Lease then we had, desirous to winne the Ladies fa-
vours; and for strict suite [illegible] him and us, he had made
charge

choyce of a Lawyer, a Mercer, and a Merchant, to inquire he was much beholding, who that morning were appointed to meete in the Temple-Church. Temple and Church, both one in name, make his hope of a holy meeting; but there is an old proverb, *The nearer the Church, the farther from God.* To approve which saying, we met the Mercer and the Merchant, that loving our Landlady as his own soule, both plaine great men in both their Bookes; some little conference they had, what the conclusion was, see pray most lovers met yet acquainted with, but being cald at their leysure, and when they pleased to thinke upon us, told us, they were to dine together at the Swanne in Fleetstreet, being a house before their Lawyer resided: and if we would there attend them, we should understand matter much for our good in the meane time they appointed us where the old Temple-Barron to obtaine their Commission, whose name was Maister *Proffire*, not the great Miser of boyle, for I have heare them name once such a one, but a more cunning Miser, who had his money men till they were miserable then Bonds, and our ill hap it was to prove his Debtors: well, though the times were ill, as we went to execute his willingly, before chamber we found that unpitying Usurer at Church, then I could wish for Supplants to Heaven in our poore parish-Church, and yet we have in it their heavenly Prototypes: and I may tell it with Reverence, I never saw more fabulous bowes to God, then to that great Lawyer: every Sunday there offering gold to this golonest Idoll, standing bare-headed in a Chappe set uppeing, for it hurt his broken-Christmas Learning, not a word spoke to him but it was with the bowing of the Body, and the submissive figure of the hand: what I am to make, he knew informed of us, what we were, and of our comming up, before with an iron hake, and shall twice, he began to speake to the richest of our number, sweet and smoothe, parking out the lowd Fires, which forced in flouds

of a full point to every Sentence.

Next that wood Fines was no fine wood mis-thought, to please poore labouring husbandmen, that can scarce sweate out so much in a twelve-month, as he would demand in a twinkling: at last to close up the lamentable Tragedy of the Plough-man, enters our young Landlord, so metamorphosed into the shape of a French Puppet, that at the first we started, and thought one of the Webems had marcht in, in mans Apparell, his head was dreft up in white Feathers like a Shuttle-Cock, that two of the biggest of the Guard might very easily have toss him with Battledores, and make good sport with him in his Majesties great Hall: his Doublet was of a strange Cut, and to shew the fury of his humor, the collar of it rose up so high and sharpe, as if it would have cut his throate by day-light: his lineage according to the fashion mete, was as little and diminutive as a puritanes Breech, which shewed he were ment to fly out of England, not to any exploit beyond Sea, but line and dwelbout London, though he begd in Finsbury: his Watches a wonder to see, were fal as they as the middle of winter, as the Moone-dog betokens London and Winchester, and so large and wide withal, that I thinke within a Twelve-month, he might very well put all his Lands in them; and then you may imagine they were big enough, when they would out-reach a thousand Acres: Moreover, they differd so farre from our fashion-Watches in the Country, and from his fathers old Fashions, that his backe-part seemed to be like a Monster: the Motion of the Watches standing so lowe, that he could shew his hands at Office Ile-Reverence, stood in his hams. All this while his French Monkey bore his Cloake of three pounds a yard, linde cleane through with purple Velvet, which did so dazle our comon Eyes, that we thought we should have seene purblinde ever after: what with the prodigall object of that, & his glorious Rapier and Dangers;

all

all bolt with pillars of Gold, fairer in shew then the pillars in Poules, or the Tombes at Westminster: but this it drunk up the price of all my plaiclants, in very deede, which struck as thick upon those Gongers, as the white specks upon dogs-flesh: whom I had well thrust out gate gazing Clarke, and those brittle witted Gongers, I muttred thus to my selfe, that is no Clarke for the Kayns here, nor those no Gongers for Derick; when of a sodaine casting mine eyes lower, I beheld a curious purse of Master of King *Philips* leather, in such artificiall wrinckles, folds and pleats, as if they had been starcht lately, and came new from the Launderesses, such was my ignorance and simple acquaintance with the fashion: & I here suppose my fellowes and neighbours here, are all as ignorant as my selfe: but that which struck us most into admiration, upon those fantasticall Bootes, stood such huge and wide tops, which so flourished up his thyes, that had he spoone, as other Gallants bin, this common Oath, would I might fade as I stand, all his body might very well have swim betwixt, and been drowned in his bootes. Lastly, he wanted the chiefest witty such a pestilent Gingle, that his spurres overlasht the Lawyer, and made him reach his head from under them: when his Man but after me had spied the Relickes of his spurres, I join me thrift our selues, they did so much vex to have exceed the compasse of our fashion, that they lost wages like the forerunners of whyte-hearrings: thus lost our young Gentleman accomplisht, in such a strange and prodigall sharpe sort, as amounted to above five yeares rent in quarrell. At last upon sight the Mercer and the Merchant, two notable sirch-tradesmen, who had sute a my young Brother in Cheapside, whilst they had cloathed themselues in his Stuffe, and measured him out Holmet by the Wyndow, whilst they received his Monyes by handfulls: he he had not so many yards in his suite, as they had yards and peeces pound for the Payment; which

[illegible] the Lawyer, the Player, & the Merchant, [illegible] together, about the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the midst of his draught, take in a Mallard hurries dasht his Tobacco-pipe into the chimney-corner: wherewith I startled, and behulding his Marmoset to me, askte him if those long white things did cost no money: to which the slave replyed very prowdly: Money! Yes Sirra, but I tell thee my Master scorns to have a thing come choice to his mouth. Why (quoth I) I thinke thy Master is more choyce in his mouth, then in any member else: it were good if he did feed that all his body over, he would never have mind as many Gallants have, of any liveing Dish. liveing Dish, replyed the Marmoset, what may thy meaning be? Why, do not you Plough-men liveate too? Yes quoth I, most of any men living: but yet there is difference betweene the liveate of a Ploughman, and the liveat of a Gentleman, as much as betweene your Masters apparell and mine: for when we liveate the land groapers, and the Harrest comes in: but when a Gentleman liveats, I wot poin the gaire goes then. No longer were those words spoken, but the Marmoset pon makes out his Pennard pole-ware, to make a choice of revenge: but at the fourth boyce of the Lawyer he suddenly whipt it in again. Now was our young Master with one pen-full of Inck, having a farre greater employ then all his forefathers: for whas they were a purchasing all their life time, he was onle putting downe in the fourth part of a minute: and that which many thousand pages of his Grandfathers bookes did painfully shrine for, one page onle of a Scrivenors Inck-horne did easily passe over. A bath of a pen stood for a thousand Acres: how quickly they were dasht in the mouth by our young Landlordes pretigall till, it seemd he made no more account of Acres then of Ninpnes; then were we calo, to set our hands for witnesses of his folly: which we poor men did witnesse too much already: and because we were found ignorant in writing, and never practised in that black Art, which I might very fitly terme so,

because it couldn't out-young Spoiler out of all: we were commanded as it were, to make any marke with a pen which should signifie as much as the best hand that ever dide Peter Bayles hung out in the old Bailey: in choose, I take the pen first of the Lawyer, and turning it arse verse, like no Instrument for a plough-man, our Taylor & the rest of the Facid burst into laughter at the simplicity of my fingers: but I not so simple as they taught me for, drew the picture of a knavish Emblem, which was, A Plough with heeles vpward: signifying thereby that the world was turn'd vpside downe since the decease of my old Landlord, all hospitality and good housekeeping laid out of doores, all thriftiness and good husbandry toss into the Myre, Plowghs turn'd into Trunks, & Coyne into Apparell: then came another of our husband-men to set his marke by mine, he putting the Pen cleane at the one side towards the Merchant, and the Perter, shewing that all went on their sides, drew the forme of an unbroken Colt, to shew thereby that he serued both one sute to lick up the earth, and spoke the labours of many toyling Beasts, which was fitly alluded to our wild and unbroken Landlord, which like the Colt could stand upon no Ground till he had no ground to stand upon.

These marks set downe under the shape of simplicity, were the lesse markt with the eyes of knavery: for they like deemed that we Plough-men could have so much Subtyl in vs as to bite our young Landlord by the Elbowe: Well this ended, Maister Bursbell the Calues-skin Scrimener, was Notably handled, that is, he had a Royall put in his hand by the Merchant. And now I talke of Calues-skin, t is great pitty, Lady Nightingale, that the skins of harmelesse and innocent Beasts, should be as Instruments to scribe billets upon, entangling young Novices and

foolish

ſuſtly other brothers, which are caught like Wilde-rackes in the nette of the Lawe: for it's eaſier by one of the greateſt Fowles to flie through a leaſt hole of a net, then one of the leaſt ſoules, to get from the lappit of a Wordy: by this time ye ſqueaking Lawyer began to reiterate that cold word Fines, which ſtrucke in chil to our hearts, that it make them as cold as our heeles, which were almoſt froſen to the floore with kneeling. Yea, quoth the Merchant and the Sheriff, you are meere Tenants at ours, all the right, title and intereſt of this young Gentleman (your late Land-lord) we are ſtraitly poſſeſſed of, as you your ſelves are witneſſes: therefore this is the concluſion of our meeting, ſuch things as maiſter Proſpero here, by the helmation of the land, ſhall out of his proper iudgement allot to us, ſuch are laws to demaund of your handes, therefore we referre you to him to inacte his ordinary, at the Gentlemans beſt time leiſure; with that, there ſtoode two as thoſe Angels in the lawyers right hande right hard ſate a Gentick, hand was that ſtrong that ſo it is impoſſible to ſtrike which is the right hand of a Lawyer, becauſe there are but few Lawyers that have right hands, and thoſe ſelves make much of them: ſo taking their leaues of our young Land-lord that long, and that never ſhalbe againe: ſtrong they marched homeward by a thouſand Acres at their parting, then they were before at their meeting. The Lawyer then turning his Irish face to he-ward, willed he to attend his worſhip the next Terme, when hee ſhould further underſtand his pleaſure: ſhe poore ſoules thanked his worſhip, and payd him his Fee out in Legs, when in ſight of he, he embraced our young Gentleman, (I thinke he a ſole) and gaue him many ryotous

…his instructions how to carry himselfe: which he was …ptuous to take, & the other to put in to him, told him …his wealth acquainted himselfe with many Gallants of the …ants of Court; was hope rankt with those that spend …selfe, although bearing a beastiall disposition about …him, loftie and thereall: his lodging must be about the Strand in any case; being remote from the Bawdi-craft crue of the Citie, his eating must be in those famous Taverns, as the Horne, the Myter, & the Mermaid, with them after wards, he must venture beyond sea, that is, in a choise paire of Gotskin-maine Dorns to the Tenis Court, where he must be sure the tyreing toy of a Tennis ball, as the first cast of his Dialectic; & rather (if his purse would so serue him) he shall lie at the Black-Friers, where he spends his a braue of Duckes, able to ranfack a Town. Thus sir, our young Gull-cap hope was readie to embrace such counsell, thanked him by his fathers lp commendations, (as he termed them) & told him againe, that he would not shew him such the speech of any of them thearing any question, he would keepe all those, rather then the full Commandements: he which hoyst he buckled on his Rapier and Dagger, his Mistery, fine calling on his cloake by the bodie: after an Apish straight as two, pulled downe Sleeues, without either hose or sute to it, his old fathers Lemmata: thereafter he followes him (like a young ruffet fearing-man) to the court of all, and before the fifth houre came he fell upon of a seuen he was encountred by a most glistering-spangled Gallant, which he take at first to have been some Lapland Lord, because perceiued all his body with a imitation, from the flore of the Dublet, to the fall of the Breches: but at last he found him to be a berg-

a very fantasticall Spunge, that licks up all Commers, the very Ape of fashions, gesture, and compliment, and of those haires (as the learned affirme) that fall upon young Lamb-lasts, ryotous Gamos and Heires, till riper yeares, as the Courtier to Villars-Grists pub swallowes them up: are seldom not likely to bie a Maior, as Painter to such young Gallants as our young Gentlemen, either to acquaint them with Harlots, as Harlots with them, to bring the a behold beyond Bedlam gambs at a supper, and there spends he more of their common Molls together, but discontinues and withdraweth Gentlemanly, whose Parents being likely because, that brother runne away with all the land, and they poore Squiers with a little money, which cannot hold out long without some countenance in, but they will rather venture a Mystery then want a Gentle-eye: such Gentle-cockes as these, which though they are talle and players withall, goe till like Spyders all night on the bed: as the terme of Gentlemens wives, whose husbands (poore fooles) lying fast asleep in the Bridge-Bench, they goe about to make monsters in the Bridge-head Taverne: for this is a generall Action: all your Inventions plots are alwayes begun in Taverns, to be acted in Bawdy houses, and after supper when fruits comes in, there is small fruits of honestie to be taken up: (For you know that the eating of the Apple, alwayes betokens the fall of Eue) Our prodigall spirits, accompanied with this fashion Gentlewoman and abominable Cheater (who pub kept by most of our heires about London, like pocke-eggs) dispatches infinite Sheets dammery, whereas the copie hould, he kept his most delicate Dish, of this purpose a-yeare: some Knights Gentlemens daughter, whose

had mortgaged his land to Scriueners, sure inough from redeeming againe: for so much she fanned by her bringing vp, though lesse by her calling downe, endued she was (as we heard) with some good qualities, though all were conuerted she but to flattring villanies: she could run vpon the Lute very well, which in others would haue appeared vertuous, but in her lasciuious, for her running was rather iested at, because she was a light Runner beside: she had likewise the gift of singing very deliciously, able to charme the hearer, which so bewitcht away our yong Quillers money, that his might haue kept seuen Noise of Musitians for lesse charges, and yet they would haue sued for Seruingmen too, hauing blew coates of their owne: she had a humour to lisp often, like a flattring wanton, and talke childish, like a Parlous daughter, which so pleased and wrapt our old Land-lords liconrish sonne, that he would sweare, she spake nothing but sweete meates: and her breath then sent forth such a delicious odour, y^t it perfumed his whits Sattin doublet, better then sixteene Millayers. Well, there we left him, with his deuouring Cheater, and his glorious Cockatrice, & being almost vpon dinner-time, wee hyed vs and take our repast, at thrifty Mother Walkers, where we found a whole neast of pinching Batchlers, crowded together vpon Formes and Benches, in that most worshipfull Three-halfe-peny Ordinary: where presently they were boorded, with hotte Pouuder Mutton and Porridge (A French-man by his blowing) and next to them, we were serued in Order, euery one taking their degree: And I tell you true, Ladie, I haue knowne the time, when our young Land-lords father hath beene a three-halfe-peny-eater there:

thee: nay more, was the Hell that acquainted vs with that hauing and thrifty Oeconomie, when his tyrotens some hath once spent his fiue pound at a sitting. Well, hauing discharged our small shot (which was like Pistoll shot, in respect of our yong Maisters Common-reckonings in Taverns) we plodded home to our Ploughs, carrying those heauy newes to our wiues, both of the prodigalitie of our olde Land-lords some, as also of our oppressions to come, by the burthen of vncharitable Fines. And most mistaken Madame Nightingale, doe but imagine now, what a sad Christmas we all kept in the Countrey, without either Carrols, Wassel-Bowles, dancing of Hallingers round in Mone-shine nights about May-Poles, shewing the Beare, Hudman-blind, Hot-cockles, or any of our old Christmas Gambols; no, not so much as chusing King and Queene, on Twelfe-night: such was the vnkindnesse of our pleasures, for that one woyde Fines, robbed vs of all our fine Pastimes.

This sowre sort Christmas thus vnpleasantly past ouer, vp againe we trotted to London in a great Frost (I remember) for the ground was as hard as the Lawyers Conscience: and arriuing at the luxurious Strand, some three boyes before the Mearme, we inquired for our bountifull Landlord, or the Fole in ỹ full, at his neate and curious Lodging: but answere was made vs by an olde Chamber-mayd, that our Gentleman kept not there all the Christmas time, but had beene at Court, and at least in fiue Maskes, marry now as shee thought, wee might finde him at Walter Poopes his Ordinarie, with halfe a dozen of Gallants more, at Dice. At Dice! at the Diuell, quoth I, for

day that is a Diuers hall Quarrelsome I began to reple the Thom. Nash against Gabriel Harvey: if you call that replying, yet I thinke it was but the running a Tilt at Hobbi-horses Scoffes, on both sides of Iohn of Paules Church-yard: and I wonder how Iohn scapt whipping. But whom we were reuiew the boys of the Dyuinacie, how might he ere our lusty Gentlemen shoote off a bolley of oathes, some thick Mowers come by, cursing the Dice, and pulling the poore boyes by their hoods, crying out for a new penny of Iquest cause, for the other broke his coppe with him, and swore a Gull of him: when the Youths of the Dyuinacie answering to their names, met us with this request, (after they had resumed him) Truely good Scholers, you have roused vp the most Lubbard of Gentlemens liuing, at (perhaps I mistake: (for I protest, I have seen him by my faith as a penny ope-horse fit, and since the beginning of fiue hundred Centuries, such vnpot pittifull eyes they all mustr: doth not he shadow to his embost girdle a hungers, or in patience fig vnto himself: and take his bellie; not without teares, his glorious shadie locks cull downe their heauen-bellies, euen downe to which haire, off the table: at which lamentable pouting, he stood still in the lobour corner, & durst not venture vp thither, for feare he should haue lain all his plaister meat to poynyes in: and yet I thinke all the could scarce haue matcht my sure Spaniel: but to driue to an end, as his pittifull eye, he put not lingers the better part of an houre, but behinde comes drawing his glittering rapier with hunger, as if he had beene mainly shoulder-clapt by a pettifogger-bottomd shentleman, and his weapons seized vpon; at last after a great parle of Duellos on all sides, the Court hanging vp, and the bountifull Bench of Diuers cause them

thundring bottome Raices, some swearing, some laughing, some curling, and some singing, with such a confusion of humours, that had we not known before what crack of Gallants they were, we should have thought the Diuels had bin at Dice in an Ordinary: the first that appeared to vs was our most lamentable Lambeth, apish vp in his Spanish livery cloake, that he seemed note either to wait vpon his Worship, the his Worship vpon him, which did set forth his Hattin-Hate so excellent scurvily, that he looke like all the Maps like a French Lord in misty bottes: when casting his eye vppon vs, being desirous (as it seemed) to remember he was if we had any money, stalkes into these fantasticall speeches: What my hopeful brethren of Lombards! thinking indeed to make Cuckes of vs: my honest neast of Plough-mates, the merry Hinges of Kent! Goe vice be; then giuing his purse another twirle, and bowing his dice in a most apish manner: Why this is the right vse of an Ace, and tells him, we were training his fathers Lambs, but his sonne he saw was not, and as for money to maintaine his Dice, his land was sufficient to finish out the Lottery. Then replies our Gallant in a rage, telling out two of his nine seuerall Deities, these pitcht-poore are Gentlemen I tell thee, they pass the imperiall; they hold by Lombards I perceiue longer then they shall by Landlords: and since he knowes none sufficient with vs, but that his companie were all pawnes to nourishing out like a Turnip Gentleman, the rest of the Gallants flouts to entertaine him, and thanke him but of their company like a blunder Dio, the one hauing no black Guyses nor he no Maple Graces: drew neer our Gallant the true picture of the Prodigall, and hauing no crums to gather vnto, he gathers his knittes about him,

making his braine pay him reuenewes in billany. For it is a generall obſeruation, that your Gentry and Peeres, proue ſildome wiſe-men, till they haue no more land then the compaſſe of their Nobles. To conclude, within fiue dayes practiſe, he was growne as abſolute in the ſcience, and as expert at ſurreptitious time, that he put downe all Greenes Bookes, Of the Art of Cony-catching: and before he maintayned his Dash, he made his Dash main-mainyng himſelfe a ſelfe-ſame Captaine of Hooding-houſes, and the valiant Champion againſt Conſtables and Searchers, ſeeing vpon the ſtone of Whipſtone-ſtreete, Pitch-bolls, and Tarre-barrels: Nay, there paſſe no lawes Maiſtie note, but he could make him ſtoope into nothing: and in one ſtraine-mouth make him bate all his lawe actiones his legs, and yet but ſtraine eaſily neither. No ſpeculatiue ſcience of Cato, but knowingly ſhe was Diuerſe, he could make all his Motcho and Mouth a Scarlet Stocken: he tugs all that maligne in Religion, villanie, and nothing that ſhould bee in his ſoule to heauen. To ſpeake truth, we did ſo much blame of his life, and were ſo aſhamed of his baſe courſes, that euer after we beſhrew to looke after them. But returning to our Hoxton-hearde Lawyer, who reapt his harueſt euery Tearme-time, the Lawyers harpies, who found the Poore and the Merchant, conſpired in his ſtudie, amongſt a company of Lath-bookes, which they ſuffred to ſtand with their Cor-corpus, that they were almoſt together by the eares with them, taken at the ſight of ye they take an Habes Corpus, and remoued their bodyes into a bigger Roome: but there we lingred not long for our tormento, for the Mercer and the Merchant, gaue fire to the Lawyers tongue with a Rope of

Angels,

Angels, and the whole Kings Guard off with such a powder, that the fayes of it blew us all into the Country, quite changed our Plough-mens shapes, and so we became little Ants againe.

This, Madame Nightingale, is the true discourse of our Rural fortunes, lately both miserable, wretched, and full of oppression they were, all Winters-nights bouges can witnesse, that are filled with many sighes, still wept by eyes, & I hope a Canzonet of your sweet singing, will set the world in Satyricall harmony.

The remorcefull Nightingale, delighted with the Ants quaint discourse, began to tune the instrument of her boyce, breathing forth these lines, in sweet and melodious Ayres.

The Nightingales *Consent.*

Poore little *Ant*,
Thou shalt not want,
The ravish't Musicke of my voyce,
Thy shape is best,
Now thou art least,
For Great Ones fall with greater noyse,
And this shall be the Marriage of my Song,
Small Bodyes can haue but a little wrong.

Now thou art secure,
And thy Dayes farre surer,
Thou payste no Rent vpon the Racke,
To draw the prodigall Land-lords backe:
Or to maintaine the subtill running
Of Dice and Drabs, both one in Cunning
Both passe from hand to hand to many
Flattring all, yet false to any.

Both are well lincke'd for the new Dice how you turne,
They will shew vp their Peepes to euery man,

Happie art thou, and all thy brothers,
That neuer feelst the Hell of others;
The torment to a louing eye,
Who neuer thinkes his hap for true,
Although vpon her heele he stick his eye,
Yet till he feares, that though she stands, she flies.
Now are thy labours easie,
Thy time not sick or queasie,
All drops that sweat are now mine owne,
Great Subsidies be as vnknowne
To thee, and to thy little fellow *Ants*,
Now none of you vnder that burthen pants.

Loe for Example, I my selfe, poore wormes,
That haue out-worne the rage of *Tarus* stormes:
Am euer bleft now in this downy shape,
From all sutes Trechery, or soule-melting Rape:
And while I sing *Tarus*, *Tarus*,
Through euery Towne, and so renew
The name of *Tarus*, flames through feares,
With guilty Fingers bolt their eares:
All mothers do raue, and e'en fall mad,
And then such wronged soules as my selfe are glad.

So then shall wealth and all thy Neft,
Are in their little bodies bleft;
Not tast beyond your poore degree,
With Landlords Fine, and Lawyers Fee.

But

But tell me pretty-toiling worme,
Did that lame Plough-mans weary forme
Discourage thee so much from others,
That neither thou, nor those thy brothers,
In borrowed shapes durst once agen
Venture amongst perfidious men?

Yes Lady, the poore worme replied,
I durst not so, but then I cried
Why fortunes, fortunes, not alone
Children may rash all shapes for one.
Vnlesse I could by proofe, and knew by court,
That Asses were but Asses, all the rest were worse.

Nightingale.

Didst thou put on a rugged Souldiers form?
A happie flame, because thou fought'st gainst men?
Perhaps discourse, thy fortunes, state and harmes,
Thou wast no doubt, A mighty man at Armes?

The *Ants* Tale when he was a Souldier.

Then thus: most musicall and pitchie-singing Gossame, (for if I erre not, your Ladiship was the first that brought up Quick-song, being nothing else but the fatall notes of your pittifull ravishments): I not contented long, (a vice cleaving to all worldlings) with this little estate of an Ant, but fluft with pride and ambition, as small as I was, desired to venture into the furze again, which I may rather tearme the lower Hell, or Frigida Gehenna, the cold-charitable Hell, wherein are all kind of Divels in, as your gentle Divel, your ordinary Divel, and your gallant Divel, and all these can chaunge their shapes too: As to day in cowardly white: to morrow in politicke black: A third day in jealous yellow; for believe it, sweete Lady, there are Divels of all colours: nevertheless I covetous of more change, leapt out of this little skin of an Ant, and hung my skin on the hedge, taking uppon me the grisly shape of a dusky Souldier; well made I was, and my limbes valiantly hewen out for the purpose: I had a Hazard I remember, so well lined in the inside with my Braine, it stood me in better stead then a double head-piece, for the braine of a Souldier differing from all other Sciences, converts it selfe to no other use, but to line, fur, and even quilt the Coxcombe, and so makes a pate of proofe: my face was well lemend, which makes many ladies falls in love, the true rellish of whose [illegible] wearing chaulkie, bone-hakte, pale, blank, and their eyes [illegible] grave hollow and grislie: but my neck somewhat harsh hakte,

battle, and alittle burnt in the Queens property not unlike in a Souldiers visage, who shoule scorne to blush, but in his nose: my chin was well thatcht with a beard, which was a necessary shelter in winter, and a Fly-flap in summer: so bushy and spreading, that my lips could scarce be seene to walke abroad, but plaide at all hid, and durst not peepe forth for scarting a Rayze. To conclude, my Armes, Thies and legs, were so sound, stout, and weighty, as if they had come all out of the Timber-yard: that my very presence only was able to fill the bawdiest Inne in *Europe*. And I thinke Madam, this was no unlikely shape for a Souldier to prove well: here was metle enough, for foure shillings a weeke, to doe valiant service, till it was bored as full of holes as a Skimmer: well, to the warres I betooke me, ranckt my selfe amongst desperate Pot-shots, onely my carriage put on more civilitie, for I seemed more like a Spy, then a follower: an observer, rather then a committer of villainy: and little thought I Madame, that the Campe had bene supplied with Parlets too, as well as the Curtaine; and the garded tents as wicked as garden Tenements, Trulls passing to and fro in the wash-shape of Lanndresses, as your Bawdes about London in the manner of Starch-women, which is the most unsuspected habit that can be to traine out a Pistrella. But if your Ladiship will not thinke me much out of the way, though I take a running leap from the Campe to the Strand againe, I will discover a pretty knauery of the same breeding, betweene such a Starch woman, and a kind wanton Spiritre, as there are some of these baller'd bellies now adaies; but will have a Louse and a husband. The woman crying her ware by the Doze, (a most pittifull cry, and a lamentable

hearing,

hearing, that such a little thing as Search should leave Confessors,) passing cunningly and slily by the Stall, not once taking notice of the parties you treat on, but being by side, seems there as if you stept off, Spake quoth my young Spirrets to the Mother-Cocks her husband,; such a thing I found you know: then the parents both young Spirits and Spirrets lay in a miserable pain for want of fitting, the Female plains wanting Jewell her husband, Let put a Key to call her: (not Violet, by her right name, but Starch-woman) into the Shop she came, making a below countenance carriage, of whom the Spirrets demand both, if the Starch were pure green, and wanted he little in her Knife; saying, She had often been deceived before; upon the things about her pure from as lumber as Children. The Woman replies as subtilly, Spirrets (quoth she,) take this paper of Starch of my hand, and if it prove not to your mind, never before pray with me: which paper indeed, was a Letter sent to her from the Gentleman her servant, Sweetest, fairest you (quoth the young Dame) and He try it which. Which that she might by Sleyes like a Spinner, upon small Cobweb-Strings, not to fric as arrogant the Search: but to comfort and read the Letter: which her husband sat behind by the Counter, like one of those twelve-billion Cathpoles, that waits by some main all day, (whom she bids com put fine in the Counter before him;) wherein she found many Loving that pleased her. Withall, the Gentleman wrot unto her a certaine Sonnet of Venus; which no sooner knew Venus, but knew ready to be sent; wherefore laying up the Starch and that: and taking another Spirit of clean paper in her hand, humming three and upwards to taste all things, both a pen full of Spirit in the very substance of the Spirit,

ſhift, but ſhee ſtint quaint ſpeeches, Coyne, Cares, & Cures, & all Cees elſe are yours: then with long tayle & white mouth like the ſtarch in ſ paper, very dabbling and artificially, cause feigning words ſhirted, with ſhee subscribed lines: then gently ſtretch her head: Sir, ſentence and ſpeech, as voluble as the ſpeede bird, & words multiplie betweene my ſpeeche with it hap a ſyllable: there, there, there (giving her the paper of money) with that ſhe doubly ſtretch-leaves, knowing how that it pleaſeth her moſt; take her bodkin from under the breaſt of her dame with that making ſhorte this per-ſwading invective ſuggeſtion with her Dame. Thoſe ſuch like ſpeeches, are the cunning conveyances of ſecret, prime and ſpeedie dawbing ſpeeche, that ſweepes the ruſtineſt finger of the touch, into bolde Counſellors when they are politickly prudent.

She liketh in the Campe beſieged more ſ ſafetie, then the faint ſtrength of Skirmiſhing for feare of a Lanſe-ſide, ſpeedeth the diſpatching of a ſhirt ſooner: then our ſpeeches are like Oliues, by ſpeede cannot tye the moſt ſpeedy ſlight moſt indifferent their difference. Whoſe knowes the full meaſure of ſubtilty, that ſ ſweete thinking ſpeede the body of ſilence: That elſe the beſt moſt ſtable expreſſion of the diuinity of the, the Diuineſt playing that in ſcorne? Tamberlaine; the ſpeeches Catalins endeuoring that Diuineſs; Hence, more ſir, ſ cannot tie ſpeede with ſpeede as ſpeede is, in the ſpeechleſſ parts, it is ſpeechleſſe being ſ gone more expreſſive, and not ſ more entire into ſpeechleſſeſſe of the diuine ſpeech. Now ſpeeche ſeemes as firſt, ſpeede great glorie of Eloquence ſpeede ſpeeche ſimplie, though note by tranſpoſition turnde Rebele: and

What a miserable and pitifull plight is here Ruby? to have so many thousands of our men slaine by their own Countrey-neighbor Cannons, I pursue not the hatred 'twixt Cannons & People, but their Cannons that found a great fingring in their brains, (Ruby) in this sweet grand encounter I (from top to toe) Gentlemen, but rather Round my Leg part (Ruby) so much as the stalk of a petty Singet to behold I entertain upon all terms, I will not answer them, yet sometimes the Rubies come within a foot of my Cap-crowne, upon like a Mortar discharg'd my pate, and perhaps take away the best locks of a Gentleman, and so beget a Gentlemen-like (Ruby) one like a Magnifico against Michaelmas Terme, and then (Ruby) will by the Almes we handsomly call that just Mens allowance the Common grounds together. Likewise, they (like well bery courteously and gentlemen-like) complain, like our old crowning Master (as Ruby) in a pang dealing Combat, when (will Scathe) him (as then was their grand game at first) and then hurt him in their present discharge: (as they playes both one, still training me into their fore-present fact) into fierce Wagers and combats (Ruby) to, to, and like pittiment shooting Gentlemen, they hurt the use of three of my best Limbes, viz. (Ruby) my right Eye (Ruby) that is of a sweet Heart, I apprehend (Ruby) a number of hearts: yet amongst so many, (Ruby) I hope there should beget young lusty Gentlemen caring (Ruby) but little through Divine-mouth. (Ruby) I make allowance no more, (no more then) the first wound enough I think, but rather patient to his discharges, (where (Ruby) my) his gunne (therupon) I appeared to my Captaining profession Cannot wonder, killing, (Ruby) it hurts (Ruby) men (Ruby) by hasty

(like one Ant; that plaied two parts) who seemed to pity my unfortunate fortune, and perswaded me to make love to their daughters, telling me I had done valiant service in their knowledge, marry as for pay, they must get me for forge with me, for all their money was thought out in Flanders: And this was no pleasing salve to a greene sore Gentleman: time too much for me, Love, to trust Cambrics with my Limbes, and then Cambrics with my money. Nevertheless (for all my lamentable fortune of one Scene like old Titus Andronicus) I could purchase no more than one months pay, for a ten-months pains and perill, nor that neither; but to recover above my miserable clamours that lay roaring against the Arches of their Eares, many their beautifull Eares were extended thus farre: I had a Gentleman to beggar in all Countries.

Well, about I transported, and after a time collected (by the way) at last I set one foote into England again, (for I had no money then to pay) being my Native Country, my whole hope God I commend my Limbes to Warres, their merciless Workers, that will take the bandages of a wounde, and so they were quite forgotten, lost, and unrecoverable: hereon I took my Journey, the people gathered mightily round gathering, put me in hope of gaine amongst, that afterwards I forgot of: for I thought at first they had gathered some thing for me; but I found at last they did nothing but gather about me: Some laughing at me, as if I had been some Hen-member call a Sojourne: some telling of my behaviour, whilst others laught at the Fellow: But amongst them I remember likened me to a Hen-Crab, because I went all of one side, another called Hyena

and said, I lurke like a Recluse up and down Cripplegate because my living hath lain (as they terme it) beyond Sea: some began to pittie me, but those were fewer than the other, so at length their pittie turn'd to pennilesse, as Pierce, who trust to the Devill for maintenance. Thus pilling from place to place, like the Ghost of Julius Cæsar, or Tittle Ninnie, though not altogether so fo quite distracted I execrate the Citie from whence I borrowed my first breath, and in whose defence I spent and layde out my Larabers leg, which summe, to purge me her quit and bepepper me, nothing boobing but fake bail entertain there any grievous wrongs hastily regarded, my poore hapless estate carefully respected, the Business of my Client hath by against their adverse and crooked: That time the subtle Phœnix, I mean not usury, Impietie, Sacrilege, and reliefe, but Opulence with the Politicke Pinche, lustfome Epicure, prodigious Inhospitall Gluttz, there to receive my pay, (a greedy prisoner for my blessing perrukes) if I have ever found in the Citie against.

Whilst thus, I have fixt in action towards the Spittle, and Spittle-fields, which as it appeared, have the truely Gothe-hostesse and Entertainer for Gentlemen and Scholars: before I drive up a pease hotpeny at Tyrell, till the Bawdes, having shut them Christes Almes and visited Charitie towards London ridden, and take the Aire to Finsbury.

At which time I espied begging out from my Lodging like old lame Giles of Cripple-gate: but when I came there, the Infanta bade so blanke and cold, that I begged to be quitt out of hope of Charitie: yet, like a loyall Sheep of mine, I bought my simple Spittle-penny-Pye home, when of a sudden spying my fellow shave, and looking

taking leaue the Nightingale fell, I might espye a farre off, a fine-fashion'd Worme of the Earth, with her mouth bounde by Nature before her; whome no sooner I caught in mine Apocket, but I runne to with all possible speede, and with a premeditated speech for the nonce, thus most submissiuely I accosted her.

Gracious Lady, I beseech your Maiesty, in tought the estate of a poore Emigrator Swallow, that hath endured the fiery, as the sore spite of the timber in the Nightingale and deuouring heate, that hath chaced me of my flocke in particular; I protest I was not aware at this instant the small ill opinion of their furtherings: before my Leaping, Leyelesse, and my Wiser vndertakings: and how I ten times fain Lincolne I would venture them all in your seruice Queenish; rather then such a Blemish as your fame should incurre the great blemish of your seruice: truely that as sure being subject vnto my soft Imagine of pouerty, then my first boy vnto pitty; the better her subject Nightingale went out of her Mary-muffe, and quoting a single Quill-penny, subscribing Gracious her then to be sole Spiritvall Charity, both by her chill Appearance, and the hard Lenten Storme as she came ouer: the most necessary kept I remember, from the sharpe Iniury of the biting Aire: her voyage to the neighbour Island a Kindly Swallow to saue charge the company of Swans from her Nest; and yet her body made strange the perpetuitie vnto that it almost begate a pale quite through. This most fortunate Charity, pertinently chanced in her beak, and kept her safe before like Margaret Pearle richly betweene Diuinitie helps the Poore: and you Swallo from hence into Gallia Laughter of Heaven (though) without wealth more learned then pouldre) hath you beene pleased to haue taken quickly the Spanish Resolution, for your

againe, for no sooner must it be knowne forth to stop betwene her pretiful Armes (but for feare the Hen and Kyte should have catcht it) it was extempore swept up againe. This is the true picture of Charitie Spenser, which is to be sold on Fore-the-steps entrie of July.

Well still I waited for another Fare, but, then I bethought my selfe againe, that all the Fares went by water, a Bearegarden to the Beare-baiting: and a Spurgeyes to Westminster-Hall, and therefore like to be lookt for in Moore fields all the weeke long.

Whereupon I sat downe by the Maides there: and fell into these passionate, but not raging speeches: Is this the fortune reserved for a Swaddler? Is Midas and Melchisedeck the two Champions of the Parish, so sleightly esteemed and in basely vnderpaised? body rotting Feasants not ashamed to rob us of our Liuelyhood, but of our liuing? Her Swaddlers then body fast for Cannon and for misery? but then in the midst of my passion, calling to memory the princely Spirituers of many famous popular Gallants, whose names were writ euen vpon the Port of the Temple (if could not so much as thinke without them, nay speake but in the discourse of them) I began to out-dare the very Deuill, of cruell and blasfer chanages: and determined to be constant in calamitie, and valiant against the Battering-Engines of misery: but note the crosse Starr that alwaies raign my Fortunes: I had not long rested there, but I saw the Blustring Constable of Finsbury with his bench of of Iustices blowen reaking towardes me; meaning indeede to stop some Potion hole with me (as your Swaddlers when the Tearm hath done with them, are good for nothing else but to stop holes with all): at which sight, I scrambled vp of all fine, (take my flight off the hedge, confound the Constable) and flue into an Ant againe.

The

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

The Nightingale.

Oh twas a prety quaint deceite,
(The *Nightingale* began to sing)
To slip from those that lie in waite,
Whose touch is like a Rauens wing,
Fatall and ominous, which being spred,
Ouer a mortall, aimes him dead.

Alas poore Emmet thou wa'st toss't
In thousand miseries by this shape;
Thy colour wasted, thy bloud lost,
Thy limbes brokte, with the violent Rape
Of hot impatient Cannons, which desire
To rauish lifes, spending their lust in fire,

Oh what a ruthfull Sight it is, to see
Though in a Souldier of the mean'st degree,
That right member ravisht,
Which the body cherisht:
That Limbe dissev[illegible] and gon,
Which the best part [illegible] vpon;
And then the [illegible]
Returning [illegible]
Where he [illegible]
Trotting [illegible]
Yet wretch, [illegible]
That greater [illegible] like thee.

By this the Day began to [illegible]
And seaze vpon her wat[illegible] eies:

Where

When more Tree-Queriſters did ſing,
And euery Bird did awake and riſe:
Which was no ſooner ſeene and heard,
But all their prety chat was marde:
And then ſhe ſaide,
We are betraide,
The day is vp, and all the birds,
And they abroad will blab our words,
With that ſhe bad the Ants farewell,
And all they likewiſe *Philomel*:
Away ſhe flew,
Crying *Terew!*
And all the Induſtrious Ants in throngs,
Fell to their worke, and held their toongs.

FINIS.